And here is come to doe ſome villainous ſhame
To the dead bodies: I will apprehend him.
Stop thy unhallowed toyle vile *Mountague*;
Can vengeance be purſu'd further than death?
Condemned villaine I doe apprehend thee,
Obey and goe with me, for thou muſt dye.
Rom. I muſt indeed, and therefore came I hither:
Good gentle youth tempt not a deſperate man,
Fly hence and leave me, thinke upon theſe gone,
Let them affright thee. I beſeech thee youth,
Put not another ſinne upon my head
By urging me to fury: O be gone,
By heaven I love thee better than my ſelfe,
For I come hither armed againſt my ſelfe:
Stay not, be gone, live, and hereafter ſay,
A mad mans mercy bad thee run away.
Par. I doe defie thy commiſeration,
And apprehend thee for a Felon here.
Rom. Wilt thou provoke me? then have at thee Boy.
Page. O Lord they fight, I will goe call the watch.
Par. O I am ſlaine: if thou be mercifull
Open the tombe, lay me with *Juliet*.
Rom. In faith I will: let me peruſe this face:
Mercutio's kinſman, noble County *Paris*!
What ſaid my man when my betoſſed ſoule
Did not attend him as we rode? I thinke
He told me *Paris* ſhould have married *Juliet*,
Said he not ſo? or did I dreame it ſo?
Or am I mad, hearing him talke of *Juliet*,
To thinke it was ſo? O give me thy hand,
One writ with me in ſowre misfortunes booke.
Ile bury thee in a triumphant grave:
A grave! O no, a Lanthorne ſlaughtred youth;
For here lyes *Juliet*, and her beautie makes
This vault a feaſting preſence full of light.
Death lye thou there by a dead man interr'd.
How oft when men are at the point of death,

Have

Have they beene merry, which their Keepers call
A lightning before death? Oh how may I
Call this a lightning? O my Love, my Wife,
Death that hath ſuckt the honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty:
Thou art not conquer'd, beauties enſigne yet
Is crimſon in thy lips, and in thy cheekes:
And deaths pale flag is not advanced there.
Tibalt, lyeſt thou there in thy bloody ſheet?
O what more favour can I doe to thee,
Than with that hand that cut thy youth in twaine
To ſunder his that was thine enemy?
Forgive me couſin. Ah deare *Juliet*,
Why art thou yet ſo faire? I will beleeve,
Shall I beleeve that unſubſtantiall death is amorous?
And that the lean abhorred monſter keepes
Thee here in darke to be his Paramour?
For feare of that I ſtill will ſtay with thee,
And never from this palace of dim night
Depart againe: here, here will I remaine,
With wormes that are thy chambermaides: O here
Will I ſet up my everlaſting reſt,
And ſhake the yoke of inauſpicious ſtarres
From this world-wearied fleſh: eyes look your laſt,
Armes take your laſt embrace; and lips, O you
The doores of breath, ſeale with a righteous kiſſe
A dateleſſe bargaine to ingroſſing death:
Come bitter conduct, come unſavourie guide,
Thou deſperate Pilot, now at once run on
The daſhing rockes thy ſea-ſicke weary barke:
Here's to my Love. O true Apothecary!
Thy drugs are quicke. Thus with a kiſſe I dye.

Enter Frier, with Lanthorne, crow, and ſpade.

Fri. Saint *Francis* be my ſpeed; how oft to night
Have my old feet ſtumbled at graves! Who's there?